

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Mar. Holla, Barnardo.

Bar. Say, what is Horatio there?

Hora. A peece of him.

Bar. Welcome Horatio, welcome good Marcellus,

Hora. What, ha's this thing appeard againe to night?

Bar. I haue seene nothing.

Mar. Horatio saies tis but our fantasie,
And will not let beliefe take holde of him,
Touching this dreaded sight twice seene of vs,
Therefore I haue intreated him along,
With vs to watch the minuts of this night,
That if againe this apparition come,
He may approoue our eyes and speake to it.

Hora. Tush, tush, it will not appeare.

Bar. Sit downe a while,
And let vs once againe assaile your eares,
That are so fortified against our story,
What we haue two nights seene.

Hora. Well, sit we downe,
And let vs heare Barnardo speake of this.

Bar. Last night of all,
When yond same starre thats weastward from the pole,
Had made his course t'illumine that part of heauen
Where now it burnes, Marcellus and my selfe
The bell then beating one.

Enter Ghost.

Mar. Peace, breake thee of, looke where it comes againe.

Bar. In the same figure like the King thats dead.

Mar. Thou art a scholler, speake to it Horatio.

Bar. Lookes a not like the King? marke it Horatio.

Hora. Most like, it horrorwes me with feare and wonder.

Bar. It would be spoke to.

Mar. Speake to it Horatio.

Hora. What art thou that vsurp'st this time of night,
Together with that faire and warlike forme,
In which the Maestie of buried Denmarke
Did sometime march, by heauen I charge thee speake.

Mar. It is offended.

Bar. See it staukes away.

Prince of Denmark

Hora. Stay, speake, speake, I charge thee.

Mar. Tis gone and will not come againe.

Bar. How now Horatio, you thinke
Is not this something more then
What thinke you-ont?

Hora. Before my God I might
Without the sencible and true
Of mine owne eies.

Mar. Is it not like the King?

Hora. As thou art to thy selfe.
Such was the very Armor he
When he the ambitious Norwage
So frownd he once, when in an
He smot the flegded pollax on
Tis strange.

Mar. Thus twice before, and so
With martiall stauke hath he gone.

Hora. In what perticular thou
But in the grosse and scope of
This bodes some strange eruption.

Mar. Good now sit downe,
Why this same strikt and most
So nightly toiles the subiect of
And with such dayly cost of
And forraine marte, for imple
Why such impresse of ship-wr
Does not deuide the Sunday fi
What might be toward that th
Doth make the night ioynt lab
Who ist that can informe me

Hora. That can I.

At least the whisper goes so;
Whose image euen but now a
Was as you knowe by Fortinbr
Thereto prickt on by a most e
Dar'd to the combat; in whic
(For so this side of our known
Did slay this For-inbrasse, who
Well ratified by lawe and he

Hora.